

We Don't Need It

by erentitanjaeger

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Summary: Hinata and I had always been polar opposites. Hinata liked orange juice and I preferred milk. Hinata always wanted mustard on his hot dogs, but I would only accept tomato sauce. Hinata never wanted sex, and I couldn't seem to get enough.

1. Chance Ball

Oikawa always gave off the aura that he owned my apartment. It didn't matter that I rarely had him over, or even that when I did, I made damn well sure he didn't feel like a guest at all. It didn't even matter how long he was here for. I could have him over for the mere twenty minutes I needed him, and he'd still end up drinking half my milk and using up all my hot water. It was something I had grown to accept, something I tolerated while he was around, and then promptly kicked his ass on his way out the door. This time was no different.

"Ah, Kageyama," he sung my name, sprawled over the couch, nothing but a blanket over his waist and wet hair clinging to his features. "You really wore me out this time. I won't be able to stand for weeks."

He stretched his arms as he spoke, arching his back. I could feel his gaze on me as I rubbed my hair with a towel, trying to get it as dry as possible so the cold water I had been forced to bathe in wouldn't make me sick. I only gritted my teeth at the sound of his voice, already planning my excuses for how I would get him to leave.

"Though I still regret not showering together," his voice drawled. He wasn't even bothering to hide his desire anymore, brown eyes raking down my naked torso, stopping at the towel around my waist and trying to burn it off with his gaze alone. I only sighed irritably as I pulled the towel from my hair, resigning to letting the rest of it air dry.

"Me too," I called to him, walking into my room to find a pair of clean trousers I could wear. It was like taking in a stray puppy for the night; I didn't need to be looking at him to know his ears were perking up out of hopefulness. "It would've meant cleaning myself under hot water."

Shoving a pile of text books off my bed, I managed to find a pair of jeans I had only worn once (maybe twice), and slipped them on. I could hear his quiet chuckle in the next room.

"You're so mean, Kageyama!" he commented, even having the audacity to sound disappointed. I only rolled my eyes as I came back out into the living room, heading for the adjoining kitchen and turning the hot plate on to burn, beginning to heat a frying pan. "Fried foods are bad for your skin, Kageyama."

I showed him a choice finger over my shoulder.

As I was getting ready to begin the exhausting task of ushering Oikawa out of my apartment, there was a knock at the door. We both turned our heads to the source. My mind flew through the possibilities of who could be calling on me at one in the morning. It couldn't be my landlord; I had paid my rent on time for once. It couldn't be my parents; they were overseas celebrating their anniversary. It couldn't be Oikawa; the bastard was letting the blanket slip from his waist, as if I could be tempted to go another round. It could only be—

"Oikawa. Get dressed and leave." I ordered, rushing to the door.

"Now you're just being cruel."

"I said: get out!" I demanded, opening the door. My heart sank at the sight.

I had counted on not seeing it tonight. I had counted on not seeing it ever again. I had been prepared to never see it again. Though life is forever unexpected, and forever throwing things in your face despite how much you insist you won't be able to handle them anymore. What's that saying? 'What doesn't kill you makes you stronger'? Well I'd trade staying as weak as I am now any day to never to see this sight again.

Thankfully, it didn't take long to shove Oikawa out of my apartment, throwing his shirt against the back of his head and slamming the door behind him. I didn't even blink as I headed back to the fridge, grabbing the half-filled tub of ice cream and two spoons from the drawer, thankful I had actually remembered to do the dishes that afternoon. Then it was just a case of getting comfortable, cracking open the tub and waiting for him to finish. It was a long process.

It always was; and I think that's what hurt the most.

"I thought he would be different," Hinata sobbed into my lap, his shoulders heaving as he gasped around his cries. His entire body shook with the effort it took to let his pain escape from his body. "He said he didn't care! He said he wouldn't ask! I'm an idiot! I

believed him!"

If Hinata thought himself an idiot, than that made me the town's fool, because I had believed him too.

I could only run my fingers through his ginger hair as he clung to my knees, wiping his nose on my jeans and continuing to curl in on himself more and more with each passing minute. My heart ached in my chest as I was forced to watch, forced to attempt to hold him together as his own heart shattered under my fingers. Surprisingly, I wasn't angry. I would be later; I had learnt it came with time. It didn't matter how many times Hinata ended up in my apartment, sometimes furious, sometimes irritated, and like now, sometimes when he was broken. It didn't matter how hard or fast he fell, or if I had told him so or even if I hadn't detected it at all, like now. This had become a sad tradition between us.

High school had ended on a great note. We had taken Karasuno to the nationals, and though we had only taken home second place, we had all graduated with volleyball scholarships to our preferred universities. We still kept in touch with Daichi and all our other previous team members, and Hinata and I talked almost every night. It had been hard, being so far away from so many people I had learnt to trust over such a long period of time. It wasn't that I didn't like my university, or even the classes I had chosen, but I guess I had missed a little bit of home and the familiarity of it all.

Lucky for me, familiarity came to me. The first semester had barely started before Hinata had called me in the middle of the night in a crisis, claiming he didn't like his choice and wanted to change. After breaking through his hysterical cries and calming him down, I told him he had every right to do so if he wished. He had received offers from several universities, and each one would still be happy to take him if he asked. A week later, I was helping Hinata move into the apartment complex around the block from my own.

Just like that, I was no longer missing my old home. Everything I needed was now with me, and I wasn't going to lie, tossing to my favourite spiker again felt damn good.

However, all I had learnt during those harsh years in Karasuno High School had come rushing back to me in a flood of feelings and anguish I hadn't been prepared to accept. High school was supposed to be there to teach you about life and about yourself, and it surely did that for the both of us.

Sometime through second year, Hinata and I both discussed how completely un-attracted we were to girls compared to the rest of the team, and soon found out exactly why. That would've been fine, if it weren't for the fact that I was then falling head over heels for my ginger-haired counterpart; and I had fallen hard. Of course, Hinata being Hinata, never even noticed my feelings, or me like that in general. Graduation had come, and with our lives taking very different turns, I had decided to confess, but I hadn't been the only one with that idea.

I couldn't even remember his name; it had been so long ago. All I knew was that for a solid three months, Hinata and that guy were pretty much twined together like two ends of a twist tie. I had tried to act supportive, and apparently I had succeeded, because soon after

moving over to my end of the country, Hinata was knocking on my door and asking for a friend to comfort him. It had taken a while before I had managed to get it out of him, why he was sniffing on my couch, before he finally told me they had broken up, and all because Hinata hadn't been ready to take the next step with his boyfriend and give up his virginity.

I had wanted to beat the man to a bloody pulp, and called him, telling him he better be thankful he had stayed at Hinata's original university, or I'd be over there, beating his ass with the very hands I used to create legendary tosses. He didn't seem perturbed, only irritated. Of course, I couldn't help but be a little bit happy that he was now out of the picture and I was free to try again; I was only human after all.

I gave Hinata his space, let him wind down from the ordeal, and chose to make a move when the incident had been forgotten.

But one spritely and eventful party later, Hinata was introducing me to another love interest. What could I say? The boy's enthusiasm and happiness was contagious in more ways than one, and he caught people's attention without even trying. I tried to be happy for him, I really did, but it was only two weeks later before Hinata was knocking on my door again, storming around my apartment with his fists in his hair as he cried angrily about the latest fucker who had dared to break his heart.

I wouldn't have been so mad, if they hadn't broken up for the exact same reason Hinata's last romantic endeavour had ended.

Hinata began questioning himself after that. I told him he shouldn't worry about it, and that when he was ready, he'd just know it, and would know to take that step with the person he liked the most. Hinata being Hinata, couldn't wait, and spent the rest of the night on my laptop, scrolling through forum after forum on the internet, trying to self-diagnose his apparent 'mental disorder'.

Of course, he didn't have a mental disorder of any kind. Hinata was asexual. He wasn't interested in sex. Never had been. Probably never would be. Hinata was happy he had a name for it at least, that he'd be able to warn further partners in the future of this, and perhaps avoid any more heart-wrenching incidents. I only yawned, patting him on the head and told him he shouldn't need to 'warn' anybody in the first place. Sex was his right, and it shouldn't change how the other person felt about him if he simply didn't want it.

It certainly hadn't changed how I felt about him, and honestly, that had surprised me.

Hinata and I had always been polar opposites. Hinata liked orange juice and I preferred milk. Hinata always wanted mustard on his hot dogs, but I would only accept tomato sauce. Hinata loved comedies and children's movies, while I was always convincing him to watch the latest horror or slasher film with me. Hinata never wanted sex, and I couldn't seem to get enough.

That's how Oikawa had waltzed back into my life. He was the setter of the opposing team once again, but after beating him in a match, he had approached me with every intention of getting as close to me as he could. I had let him, if only for someone that I could call at a

moment's notice, driving out my sexual-frustrations before kicking him out and bunking down for a good night sleep or cramming for the test I had the next day.

Though Oikawa perfectly understood our agreement, it didn't stop him from always inquiring about something more. I, however, didn't want a relationship; at least not with anybody other than the ginger-haired mutant now in my lap, crying for the pain to go away.

My feelings weren't exactly subtle, and everyone who met me managed to pick up on it in a heartbeat. Many had told me to either confess or move on, as I shouldn't waste my time waiting for someone I may never have. I only spat at their suggestions. If I wanted to move on, I would; but I'm stubborn by nature, and I wouldn't move on until Hinata was saying 'I do' at the end of the aisle with someone other than me.

At least, that's what I had thought.

It had been six months to the day since Hinata and his latest partner had started dating. For most of those six months, I had been wary of the man's presence around me. I had made it clear that Hinata was my friend, and I'd do anything to protect him from getting hurt. Hinata, in turn, had made it clear from the start that he wasn't interested in furthering their intimacy beyond making out occasionally and holding hands the rest of the time, and of course, his partner had continued to insist that that was completely fine.

It had been their six month anniversary tonight, when I had finally resigned to leaving Hinata be, and taking my defeat with a grain of salt. Hinata had seemed to be deep in love with this one, and the other didn't seem to have any intentions of breaking the pact they had made all those months ago. I had thought it was over, and had called Oikawa as Hinata had left for their date, wanting very much to forget about what I was now giving up in favour of something hot, heady and temporary.

How wrong I had been.

For the past two weeks, Hinata had been bouncing around me, reminding me every chance he got that his and his partner's anniversary was coming up, and that the other had promised something 'special' on the night of said event. I couldn't believe I hadn't gotten suspicious at those words; that I hadn't picked up on the fact that 'something special', could possibly be Hinata's partner finally taking that step he had promised never to consider.

It wasn't that they asked; Hinata was smart enough to expect that. It's that they forced the issue, threatening to break up if Hinata didn't cave. At least Hinata didn't bend to the pressure, and for that, I was always proud of him.

Though it certainly never made it any easier.

"I think I'm done with dating," Hinata was saying, shoving another scoopful of ice cream into his mouth and swallowing it whole. I took the tub from him and scooped up my own mouthful, but let the ice cream melt in my mouth, thinking over his words. It was nearing five am. Neither of us had had any sleep. I was exhausted from practice today, not to mention my bout with Oikawa earlier.

"Maybe you just need to start going for a different kind of guy," I suggested. Hinata clearly had a type; the clean, boyish-faced teens that seemed to be in abundance around this school. They all seemed innocent enough, and were willing to return the same kind of enthusiasm Hinata was always giving them.

"Oh yeah? Like who?"

Who do you think? I wanted to say.

"I don't know," I started cautiously. I was inwardly convincing myself that I wasn't about to make a move. Sure, my last attempts at letting Hinata get over his break up before trying to confess had always ended in me being last across the finish line, but that didn't mean it was okay to start in on him immediately. I would wait; just not as long this time. "You seem to go for the same type."

"I didn't even know I had a type," Hinata was licking his spoon loudly.

"Of course you didn't," I joked at him. He only glared. I continued. "You always go for the guys who seem too good to be true. The ones with neat haircuts and high grades and who seem to have good morals and who always have a good sense of humour."

"So I should go for someone who wears a lot of leather, rides a motorcycle and kills kittens for a living?"

I shoved at his shoulder. I had a brief flash of myself on a motorcycle wearing some gaudy leather vest and a dead kitten hanging off my handlebars.

Anything to be with him.

I shook the thought away. Hinata was hard to attract but I'm sure I'd never have to go that far.

"Maybe not to that extreme. Justâ€¦" I had to word this just right. I couldn't make it obvious, but if I made it too subtle there was no way in hell Hinata would pick up on it and I'd see him skipping off into the sunset with another guy within the week. "Try choosing someone a little closer to you. Someone who makes you comfortable without even trying."

"You sound like you're telling me to date Suga." I had to cough around the ice cream lodged in my throat at that one. Hinata only let out a fit of giggles. At least he was laughing againâ€¦

"Someone who makes you laugh," I tried again.

"Noya is overseas thoughâ€¦"

"Someone who isn't afraid to show you their dark side."

"I wouldn't touch Tsukishima with a ten foot pole!"

"Someone you don't like all the time!" Let's go for broke here.

"Oikawa is your boy-toy, not mine!"

"Someone who tosses to you then!"

Shit.

As expected, there was a heavy coat of silence that doused the room. I could practically feel the awkwardness crawling up my spine and settling on the nape of my neck. I hadn't meant to be that frank, but Hinata had seemed to be getting further and further off the mark. I just felt like I had to say something that would steer him in the right direction; I hadn't meant to give him a GPS to the location.

Bravely, I glanced over at Hinata out of the corner of my eye. He was frozen. The spoon still in his mouth and his shoulders hunched around his ears as if I had hit him with something. Technically I did. I just hit him with a year's worth of unsaid confessions, and hearing such a thing from your best friend after ending a relationship you were so sure would last forever? That couldn't be easy to shoulder.

"You wanna date me?" It was the question I wanted to hear but not in the tone I had hoped it would be intended. Hinata was asking for clarification. I only sighed heavily, dropping my spoon on the coffee table and reaching over for the tub's lid, clicking it back into place.

"It wouldn't be such a bad idea," Then againâ€¦ "Would it?"

I didn't want to look at him at this point. I had just opened a hole into purgatory and if I stepped too far over the edge, I'd go hurtling down to spend the rest of eternity in a pit full of scathing monsters and flesh-tearing ghouls.

"I don't know," Hinata mumbled. There was a clink as he placed his own spoon next to mine. "You're definitely right. You'd be way different than any other guy I've dated. Not my type at all."

I wasn't sure how to take that.

I hated how uncomfortable he looked right now. I hated he didn't have an answer for me. I hated that he felt like he had to give me one.

"Look, you just got out of a six month steady relationship. I don't expect you to head full-force into another one. Just forget I said anything," I stood up, walking around the couch and into the kitchen. I decided I was still in the mood for that mackerel I had been planning on frying earlier, so switched the stove back on and stood over the frying pan, waiting for it to heat up.

Except that I was hoping he wouldn't forget at all. I wanted him to think it over, to decide it was at least worth trying. But I was afraid I was only being biased. He knew me back to front, just like I knew every single part of him like the back of my hand. He knew what made me laugh and what made me irritated, what he could insult me with as a joke and what he could say that would really offend me. He knew I would never risk our friendship over something like this, and we were certainly both mature enough now to handle going back to

friends if he decided it just wasn't working.

Likewise, I knew which comedies were Hinata's favourites and what made or broke a kid's movie for him. I knew what issues he was sensitive about and what to say if he ever needed a laugh. I knew his favourite games on road trips and his favourite flavours of everything. I tightened my grip on the handle of the frying pan, realising my thoughts were just getting a little too sickeningly sweet for my tastes.

I sucked in a sudden breath as arms wove around my waist all of a sudden. I looked over my shoulder, seeing a mop of long, red hair pressed into the back of my shirt. He really needed to get a haircut. Hinata was burying his nose into my back, hugging me tight. I could only continue to look at him in confusion, wondering what he was trying to accomplish.

"You smell nice," he said. My cheeks heated at the words.

"Uh...thank you?" Was all I could muster. The smell of burnt oil rose up to me, and I quickly turned back to the pan. I remembered to hold my hand over Hinata's, just one of mine managed to cover the both of his, protecting his skin as the mackerel spit and spat while it cooked.

I nudged Hinata back so I could turn around, giving him a curious look.

He was shuffling his feet, not meeting my gaze. His lips were moving slightly, as if he were practicing silently what he wanted to say. In times like these, all I could do was sit and wait while he figured out his thoughts, sorted through the ones he needed and formed a sentence that would convey his feelings. Granted, when he did manage, it was never a very good sentence.

As if on cue, his head suddenly rose, his eyes defiant as he looked me square in the eye and jabbed a finger into my face.

"You're next!" he exclaimed. If I wasn't confused a moment ago, I certainly was now.

"Huh!?" I cried indignantly.

"I'll date you next!" he decided.

"What!? Have you got a list or something!?"

"Don't be an idiot, Bakageyama! You said I should date you! So I will!"

"I won't if you keep calling me that!"

"That's your loss; not mine!"

"I wouldn't consider it a loss! I would consider it a victory!" We were getting completely off topic.

"So do you wanna date me or not?" There was uncertainty in his voice again, his cheeks having turned bright red and his eyes going back to

studying the corner of the room.

I glared at an opposing corner, thinking over how unnecessarily loud Hinata was. Though my answer was set; it had been from the moment he had walked into my apartment, all teary eyed and snotty nosed and wet cheeked. Granted, it wasn't a conventional confession or hardly an honest way to ask someone out, but that was all just Hinata; brightly packaged, wrapped up in a bright orange bow and standing at my feet, waiting for my answer.

It was a while before Hinata found the courage to look up again, and by then I was already looking down at him. He was startled at my frankness, at how I continued to look at him with an unwavering gaze. He shouldn't be surprised though; when had I ever shied away from a challenge? Especially one set by him.

"Yes," was all I said.

The blush that spread across his cheeks made it all worth it, despite the sudden smell of smoke in the air and my mad rush to get my mackerel off the frying pan.

It was now almost six in the morning. I had had no sleep, but I felt completely rested. Hinata shared my meal, coating his piece in soy sauce and shoving the whole thing in his mouth in one go. I could only watch in awe. Even with brown vinegar running down his chin and the sticky substance littering his fingers, I would still consider him adorable, but the dorky kind of adorable not a lot of people could put up with.

Hinata ended up dozing off on the couch while I got ready for class, briefly mumbling a 'have a nice day' when I told him good-bye. Though I found I should've just stayed home as I sat in my seat and tried to take notes, utterly failing, ending up drawing small scribbles of fuzz-topped crows in my margins while listening to the lecturer drone on about composition within a good photo.

I thought back to the agreement Hinata and I had made back in my apartment. It was a given that we weren't officially dating as of yet; just that we had made a promise to keep ourselves for each other. Hinata still needed time to deal with what had happened with him and his previous partner (who I still needed to go intimidate with my famous threateningly dark aura, now that I remembered). He could take all the time in the world so long as I was his next choice.

I had been waiting for this for over a year. I had sat through his countless obsessive crushes, obvious infatuations and deeply, serious relationships, all the while thinking 'why not me?'. It had been sort of pathetic, and maybe I should have moved on like so many people had suggested, yet as I walked back through my door to a slumbering ball of warmth on my couch, there was no way in hell I could bring myself to regret continuing to like the bundle of sunshine that had become such an avid and lively part of my life.

"Hey, idiot," I shoved him awake, dumping my books on his head to finish the job. "Don't sleep curled up like that! You'll ruin your neck!"

It was eight weeks and three days when I came out of my classroom to

find Hinata sitting outside, waiting for me. We had agreed to meet up after my last exam for the semester (Hinata having finished a week earlier) so we could eat our weight in pizza than spend an hour arguing over which movie to see, before giving up and going home to smash away our anger at each other with the Wii I had at home. That's how it always went after all.

Though something seemed different about Hinata this time. He didn't rush over to meet me like he usually did, instead staying quiet and hunched on the bench, waiting while I approached him. He seemed to be shifting something in his hands, fiddling with his fingers, picking at the skin around his fingernails. He was thinking about something; hard.

"Oi, don't think so hard," I dropped my bag by his feet and dropped into the seat next to him. He flinched as I did. "You're only going to hurt yourself."

I sighed, bending back my neck and arching my back, stretching out the stiffness in my torso and feeling all the bones in my spine shift and crack as I got the blood flowing. I relaxed again, breathing deeply and smiling at the feeling of freedom that seemed to be coursing through my fingers. The mid-year break was here and I felt I had done well with all my assignments, meaning I was free to spend the next five weeks as I pleased. I could practically feel the ball in my hands already, hear the smack as my favourite spiker slammed it over the net.

"Okay! I'm ready!" Hinata announced, fists clenched over his knees as he stared at me with wide eyes. I only scratched the back of my head before nodding, going to pick up my bag.

"Alright. Let's head over before the lunch rush picks up and we have to eat at the counter again." It was a blessing that cheap pizza was only a slight walk away from both my apartment and university, but also meant that whenever we thought about heading over there for a meal, so was everybody else on campus.

"Not that!" Fingers were tight around my wrist. I looked at him then, the confusion evident on my face. "I mean I'm ready. To date. I'm ready to date you."

2. Nice Serve

I have made a lot of stupid decisions in my life.

I won't talk about the givens; pretending to like spiders when we visited the arachnid exhibit at the zoo, hiding my mother's broken vase under the bathroom mat, thinking it would be a good idea to keep a lizard as a pet in my schoolbag. Give me a break; I was nine.

Or even mistakes like getting a big head throughout junior high, ordering around my teammates when I wasn't even the captain, punching that one guy in the nose in the middle of a match because he said I wasn't good enough to be a setter.

I mean, we all make mistakes. It's a part of being human. I usually learn to forgive myself, or others, for the mistakes that have been made, and move on with my life. However, I don't see any time in the

future, near or far, where I will be able to forgive myself for _this._ Because this didn't just start as a bad idea and grow to be something I might be able to laugh about in the future.

No. This is pure torture.

I've done some pretty horrible things (I slept with Oikawa for Christ's sake), but I don't think anything I've done could warrant a punishment as draining as having to sit through one hundred and sixty-five minutes (that's what the website says but I call bullshit) of this goddamn, awful movie. I just finished fishing out the movie stub from my pocket. It still had an hour to go. I had already been sitting here for two and the most interesting thing that had happened was the generic Pillow Talk add they had showed at the start before the trailers; and they showed that add before every movie.

I ground my teeth together as I shoved the stub back into my pocket, glaring at the screen, wishing the film-reel would catch fire and I'd be set free. Then again, everything was digital now. The only way this movie would end now is if I physically went into the back room, tied up the student working there and shot the projector. Though if this movie was as bad as I was playing it up to be in my head, I'm pretty sure the student would just hand me the gun.

"Woa! That was so cool! Did you see that, Kageyama!? Did you? These effects are amazing!"

At least someone was having a good time.

In hindsight, I suppose that's all that really mattered. This was our first date. Hinata hadn't mentioned anything about it being a date, I hadn't had the guts to, but when two people were supposed to be dating and they headed into a movie where one person payed for tickets and the other payed for popcorn and beverages, I could only assume I was allowed to call it a date. At least the snacks were good.

Something exploded (again) on the screen, but even the sight of a flaming ball melting metal into nothing could cure my boredom; it wasn't exciting when I had already seen it more times than I could count in the past hour alone. I let out a sigh as the girl on screen screamed (again) at the sight of the ground far below her, cheering the dad on as he yelled at her to get her butt moving when she refused to move. I cackled to myself. Hinata turned to me, raising an eyebrow.

"Serves her right," I could only mutter to him.

"She's scared!" he hissed back to me. "He should be patient with her."

"Because that's going to get them somewhere," I muttered sarcastically. I bit my lip, realising what I was doing, and tried again. "I guess I can see where you're coming from though. Yelling never helped me get anywhere in life."

Hard fact, but true. Hinata's golden hues reflected the further explosions of the screen, making them sparkle in the dark. I turned away quickly, unable to look at them too long before wanting to start reciting sonnets to him.

I didn't even know any sonnets.

Picking up my drink and taking a long sip, I tried to search for any good points about this movie. I should at least try to see what Hinata liked about it so much.

"I also think she's hot."

I spat out my coke at that. Lucky there was no one sitting in front of me. Coughing and spluttering carbonated sugar out of my throat, I turned to glare at Hinata while wiping the substance from around my mouth.

"If- if you say so. I can see her various charms." And 'charms' was all she had going for her. My neck started to burn in rage. Since when did Hinata think anyone was 'hot', let alone some bimbo from a horrible movie?

Hinata shoved a handful of popcorn into his mouth before turning back to the screen. He slouched while he continued to watch. I set my drink down, unable to stomach anything now that Hinata had made his attraction towards the main 'heroin' known. I took another look, attempting to see what he saw in her. I didn't. Granted, I'm sure it wasn't the actress' fault. She was only playing the sorry excuse for a character that she had been assigned.

No. I didn't see it at all. I'd rather go for the chick's boyfriend. He drove race cars for a living; who wouldn't tap that?

Two of the robotic heroes had stolen a space ship from the robotic enemies and were now in pursuit of the human heroes, flying towards them in hopes of stopping them from falling to their impending doom. Watching the robots catch them like that, with all that glass and metal flying everywhere, I don't think it really would have helped matters if this movie was trying to be realistic.

"Wow!" Hinata's gasp captured my attention again. "Imagine doing that in real life! How fun would that be?!"

He was stupid, but he wasn't that stupid. He had to know that he would've turned into a human glass piñata if that had been real? Right? I took a deep sigh, nodding my agreement. This only earned me a glower in return.

"What?" I hissed. "I'm agreeing with you."

Hinata continued to stare at me in the dark. His big, beautiful eyes were just looking at me. I wasn't sure if he was trying to start a moment or if he was questioning whether I had been lying or not; either way, it was unnerving me. I tried to turn away, but I could still feel his eyes on my face, which made me turn towards him again. I made eye contact with him, setting my own glare upon my face, trying to freak him out in return.

"You're bored," he whispered to me. I scowled at the popcorn in his lap, breaking the eye contact we had made in favour of being able to lie.

"No, I'm not! This was your suggestion! Of course I'm not

bored!"

"You know; just because we're dating, doesn't mean you have to agree to every single thing I say or want."

That struck a chord in me.

Because yes; I had been subconsciously giving Hinata everything he wanted. It was more than my need to make a good impression, or my need to show him that I was interesting enough to date; far more interesting than any of the other dumb sluts who had broken his heart. It was just a need I had to prove that my original suggestion wasn't a dumb idea. We were worth trying for. That's what I was trying to prove.

Though, what was the point of that if I wasn't enjoying our time together? Because Hinata was right; no amount of explosions and amazing robot transformations could make this a good movie. I should've known that walking in. To be honest, suggesting this movie in the first place must have been Hinata's final test; if we hadn't been starting to date, there was no way in hell I would have ever said yes to going to see the fourth Transformers movie when he had heard me complain enough how shit the last two were.

"This movie sucks balls."

Hinata erupted into a fit of giggles that slowly grew to a raucous and loud laughter. It was fun watching him try to keep quiet while at the same time trying to get copious amounts of oxygen to his brain. Everyone in the cinema turned to glare at him, and I could only grab his hair and pull him to my chest, trying to muffle him while at the same time trying to keep my own laughter contained. It didn't work. We only laughed louder and louder, Hinata clutching to my chest, tears forming in the corners of his eyes and leaking onto my jumper. Eventually, we were asked to leave. I could only mutter a 'thank God' as we exited the cinema.

After raiding the candy bar and stocking up on junk food for the night, we both headed to my place to finish our end of semester tradition. The walk back was filled with bickering over which packets of death to open first. I was hell-bent on opening the gummi bears but Hinata really wanted to start on the sour worms. I told him we had it his way last time, it was my turn to be in charge of candy distribution. Hinata pouted and finally conceded, telling me it was an apology for dragging me to that shit excuse of a movie.

Despite the stiff air as our argument ended, I couldn't help the wide grin that spread over my face. This was familiar. This was right. This is what I had wanted. A relationship that was perfect, where we agreed on everything and never argued, were always able to compromise and never faced any struggles, I saw no excitement in that, and frankly, it just wasn't us. If we never fought again, I know I'd miss it all too soon. Hinata and I had been fighting since the day we met, and that didn't stop even as our friendship grew stronger. Why should our romantic relationship be any different?

"You know he called last night," Hinata told me as I unlocked my apartment door. It took me a moment before I figured out who he was talking about. I froze at the thought of that bastard daring to address Hinata after what he did, and after such a long time apart.

Once inside, I shoved the bags of food onto the coffee table before turning to Hinata, a sour expression on my face, not even bothering to hide my distaste.

"What did he want?" I asked, my words strained and quiet. Hinata was calm though, and that's what changed my seething rage into a quiet fear.

"He told me he had made a mistake. He wanted to try again."

If this had happened last night, and Hinata had agreed to go out with me only a few hours ago, did this have something to do with his sudden enthusiasm for the idea? I didn't want to think about it, honestly. I just wanted to sit down and enjoy my freedom on rainbow road with bananas being thrown at me on every turn.

"What did you say?" was all I could ask. Hinata finally broke our eye contact, looking at the ground, his hands fidgeting in his pockets.

"Would you be mad at me if I said I had been waiting for it?"

Yes.

"No." I was mad, but not at him.

No one likes change, whether it's good or bad. So Hinata wanting a phone call that would put everything back into a familiar and comforting place was only natural.

What I was mad at was that I may have missed out. Again.

"It's not like I was lying when I said I wanted to give us a try," Hinata continued, his ears turning a similar shade to that of his hair as he forced out his words. "But I was still subconsciously waiting for him to call so we could start again. I missed him."

I tried to remain calm, breathing in through my nose and out through my mouth.

"So when he did call, it was weird, because I didn't want him to call. It's like, as soon as I got what I want, I found it wasn't what I wanted at all. It felt good though. Being able to tell him 'no'. Then he got all on my case about I should give us another try and not give up so easily, and when I kept telling him I didn't want to give him another chance, he was all like 'It's 'cause there's somebody else! Isn't there?'."

Hinata's eyes were back on me, a smile spread across his lips as he proudly told me he had basically told his ex to get fucked. There was a smile twitching at my own lips too.

"What did you say to that?" Because I was deathly curious. Hinata went back to fidgeting before walking closer, now barely a foot's width away from me. I had to crane my neck as I tried to see his expression. He was still so short.

"I said there might be."

If my cheeks were red it was because my apartment had been shut up all day and the sun had caused it get really stuffy in here, not because Hinata was carefully clutching the sleeve of my jacket. If my hands were shaking as I broke open the packet of sour worms, it was because the coke and popcorn at the movies hadn't done a sufficient job of rejuvenating me after my exam, not because this was becoming very real very fast. If I lost fifteen times in a row on Maria Kart, it's because Hinata just seemed to be able to get all the luck this time, not because I kept getting distracted by the bundle of joy currently sitting so close to me on the couch, the length of his thigh squished against mine, his shoulder continuing to brush against me as he manoeuvred around my kart and across the finish line once again.

"Geez! That exam fried whatever was left of your brain! You're no fun to race anymore!" Hinata whined, taking the liberty of taking the disc out of the console and jamming in another. I hissed at him, but let him play his way through Twilight Princess while I watched, telling him where to go and giving him clues as to how to beat the different puzzles. Hinata had never been good at these kinds of games, but loved them too much to not play them.

It was one in the morning when our sugar stash ran out and we both felt the need for something that would settle our stomachs. Grabbing my keys and my wallet, we made the walk to the convenient store around the corner. Of course, our stomachs would never forgive us as we found the pop tarts on sale and the frozen cokes being sold two for one. Hinata said we may as well fill up on chocolate and packets of chips while we were there so we wouldn't have to make another trip tomorrow. I agreed.

"I feel sick!" Hinata exclaimed, spread out on my floor like a starfish, a half-finished packet of sour worms lying next to his head. Despite his proclamation, it didn't stop him from shoving another two into his mouth.

I could only groan in response from my place on the couch, fighting my aching head in order to finish the chocolate cookie in my hand, not wanting to waste it.

"I think it was that last pringle blitzer that slayed me," my voice was dry as I spoke, the cookie barely going down my throat. "Mixing frozen coke and crushed pringles? You have stupid ideas, Hinata."

"It was your fault for going in for a third one! I admire your tenacity though; I could only handle one of them!"

"Yes, but let's not forget your ability to swallow two entire bags of popcorn. Large. Extra salt. Extra butter. You're going to be feeling that one tomorrow."

"I still have kernels in my teeth but I stay by my decision!"

"You also licked both bags clean."

Silence.

"That part I regret."

We both let out simultaneous groans, silently promising never to eat this much junk in a short amount of time again, though also knowing we'd be back in these positions next time semester ended. I glanced at the T.V. The DVD menu continued to play and flash over and over again. I had suggested watching The Ring II to try and take our minds off eating, but not only had I had enough of shit movies for a month, Hinata had started scoffing down his second bag of popcorn before I could press play. As a natural born challenge taker, I decided to go in for my third cup of frozen coke and pringle mixture.

We were both idiots. I'm sure as hell glad we were friends at times like this.

Soft snoring caught my attention. I raised my head, whimpering at the sloshing feeling in my brain, and looked over at Hinata, whose chest was slowly rising and falling, a sour worm caught between his lips. I sighed, throwing a spare pillow at him. The worm fell to the floor as he coughed himself awake.

"Don't sleep there, moron!" I scolded, pushing myself up so I could go put clean sheets on the bed and we could get to work sleeping off our sugar hangovers.

"Why not?" he whined. "It's good for my back!"

"You'll get a headache," I reminded him. "Help me make my bed so we can go to sleep."

"I don't wanna!" Hinata whined in true Hinata style, rolling over onto his side and curling into a ball. I was about to step on his head, but I realised his back was making the same calming movements it had been making a moment ago. How could anyone fall asleep that fast? I decided to let him sleep in the middle of my living room.

The sheets didn't sit straight and I'm pretty sure I had placed the duvet on backwards but at this point, I honestly didn't care. The entirety of the semester was now crashing down on me, the adrenaline of finishing burnt out due to all the sugar I consumed. I was exhausted and ready to go into post-semester hibernation.

I stripped and changed into loose pants before heading to the bathroom. As I brushed my teeth, I saw Hinata in my bathroom mirror, wandering into my room and flopping onto the bed. I rolled my eyes and spat.

Just as I was coating my face in cool water, something occurred to me I should have thought of before; our sleeping arrangements. Whenever Hinata slept over at my apartment, we always just shared my bed. It was large and roomy and I had never seen the need to buy a futon because he was the only person that I allowed to stay the night in my apartment. I just made sure the sheets had been changed since the last time I had had someone 'special' over, and lent him a pair of shorts and an old shirt for him to use as pyjamas when he forgot his own.

I then remembered that I always looked forward to these nights, because it provided me with an opportunity I didn't think I would ever get otherwise. Hinata is a cuddler. He starts out on his side of the bed just fine, and sometimes I even lie awake, waiting for him to

move, though he never does before I either give up and go to sleep myself or fall asleep anyway. When I do stir in the morning though, every time, without fail, Hinata is pressed to my chest, arms woven around my waist, fuzzy hair tickling my chin with his nose pressed into my collarbone.

I had looked forward to those mornings again and again over the years. I treasured those moments, pretending that Hinata was mine, that holding him was something I could do whenever but chose to do it then because he had wanted it also. I pretended like Hinata would wake up, blink the sleep from his eyes, look up and realise it was me who was holding him. He'd slowly smile, stretch his neck to kiss my lips, and then probably roll over so I could spoon him from behind while we slept in.

I had wanted it so badly. Had craved it to the point where I begged, pleaded, for Hinata never to wake up so I would never have to let him go. Now that I would have that opportunity, I felt sick to my stomach. Hinata was already asleep, again, covers pulled up over his chin and his cheeks flushed from having eaten so much. His eyebrows furrowed as he fought his stomach pains in his sleep, his ginger hair a sorry contrast to my black sheets, reminding me of our old Karasuno volleyball club uniforms we wore during matches.

I had a choice. I could sleep in my bed and when morning came, hold Hinata like I had always did, and wait for him to wake up to see how awkward it would be to wake and realise he had been very intimate with someone he was supposed to be intimate with. It was fine when we had been just friends and he could whine about his sleeping habits and apologise before shuffling over to his side of the bed, shivering at the cold that had seeped into them during his absence. Now that we were going out, I didn't want him to wake up and feel obliged to stay in my arms if he thought it was too soon. I didn't want to force him into anything he wasn't ready for.

I sighed deeply, taking one last longing look at Hinata curled up in my bed before tugging a spare blanket from the cupboard and heading for the living room, silently shutting my bedroom door as I did. The couch wasn't uncomfortable; I had fallen asleep on it many a time while trying to keep awake during long study periods, though right now, it didn't look appealing at all. Still, I set up the pillow and blankets how I liked them and crashed into the softness with a sigh, at least thankful I would be able to sleep now.

"Oi! Oi!"

Something was poking my face.

"Wake up!"

Something was yelling in my ear.

"I want breakfast and you have nothing but the remains of our frozen cokes!"

I opened my eyes, glaring at the offender, only to be met with honey coloured irises and a messy bout of matching coloured hair. I grumbled at him, sitting up and rubbing the sleep dust from my eyes.

"You could go to the store and get something yourself, you know," I said, knowing full-well that would never happen.

"Fuck that! I always buy the wrong brands and then you yell at me for getting 'brand-named flour'. Like there is such a thing!"

I hissed at him, grabbing my pillow and swinging it at his head.

"Shut up, idiot Hinata!" I ordered. I went for another swing, but Hinata was ready, catching it and yanking it from my grip. He raised it above his head and brought it down on my head like a lumberjack brought an axe down upon wood. I grabbed his shirt and pulled him onto my lap, wrapping an arm around his neck and rubbing my knuckles into his hair.

"Guh! Kageyama! Let me go! Leggo! Leggo!"

He struggled fruitlessly against my hold, scratching at my forearm and trying to escape from my grip while I cackled evilly into his ear.

"Say it!" I demanded.

"Never!"

"Then I hope you like bald spots 'cause that's exactly what you're gonna get!" I rubbed harder. He struggled quicker. I laughed louder.

Leave it to Hinata to decide the best way of getting out of such a situation was turning his head and sinking his teeth into my neck. I couldn't help the yelp that passed my lips, letting him go immediately. He fell to the floor with a thump, glaring up at me while I rubbed the bruise forming on my neck. He had surprised me, but not enough to make me stop draping torso over his shoulders and letting my entire weight rest on him until he was bent over and his nose was touching the floor.

"How are you so fat!?" he exclaimed.

It took a great deal of exertion on his part before he finally managed to crawl out from under me, huffing and panting as he crawled to the safety of the other side of the room. I finally stood up, stretching my aching shoulders and smirked at his fearful expression.

"Say it!" I demanded again.

"Fine! You win! One thousand, three hundred and sixty-eight to one thousand, three hundred and sixty-six." I grinned at my new victory. "Don't get cocky though! I'm still going to beat you!"

"I'll believe it when I see it."

Silence fell on us. Hinata was playing with the hem of his shorts, which he hadn't bothered changing since yesterday.

"Why did you sleep on the couch?" he asked. He stood up off the floor, heading for the kitchen again in hopes of finding something to

eat despite knowing I really did have nothing but melted cokes.

I was busy picking up the pillow and folding up the blanket when he asked me. My hands tightened in the cotton, my knuckles turning white. Hinata would understand if I told him the truth, but I had a sinking feeling that it would only make it awkward for us, considering my reason behind it. Though I didn't want Hinata to feel like he couldn't be close to me if he felt like it, but also I wanted him to know that he had every choice to stay away from me. It was a tricky balance and explaining it would be no picnic.

"Because, I actually felt like waking up without my ribs in my lungs for once," I jested, shoving the now folded blanket and pillow to one end of the couch and walking back into my room to change. Once again, no clean clothes. How did I run out so quickly? It felt like I had only gone to the laundry mat yesterday.

"You never seemed to mind before," I heard Hinata mutter. There was something in his tone of voice that made me feel slightly guilty. I walked back out into the living area, looking at him across the room and realising his shoulders were slumped and his expression was sombre. Shit.

"I don't mind," I amended. "I just.." My tongue caught in my throat. How the hell do I explain this?

"I thought I told you!" Hinata had his scolding face on now. I tried to keep a serious expression as he addressed me. His scolding face was not threatening nor was it built to make one feel guilty for their actions. It made me think of sad puppies and sneezing kittens. He should use it to plead his case when he wanted something; not to get angry at those who deserved it. "You don't have to treat me any differently just 'cause we're dating!"

I spluttered at that.

"I'm not!" Though I definitely was. I hadn't meant to be doing it either.

"You are! There's no way you would have slept on the couch before! If you wanted to sleep alone, you would've made me sleep on the couch!" Hinata's face was slowly growing a harsh shade of red as he got more and more frustrated with me. "What are you so afraid of? Do you think I'm going to back out if you touch me? Or disagree with me? Or treat me like normal? I already told you; I want to be with you! If I end up backing out, it'll be your fault for making it so fucking difficult to be in a relationship with you!"

Guilt wrapped itself around me like a wire, tearing at my skin in a way that didn't cause me direct pain until I saw the lines in my arms and the red along the thin string. It tightened itself until I was looking away from Hinata's anguished face, trying to think of something to say to that besides a singly 'sorry'. Then again, I had other reasons for treating Hinata as I did.

"Alright, I am treating you differently, and yes, it's because we're dating." As suspected, Hinata looked both hurt and angry, his face screwing up further and his ears turning a brighter shade of red. "It's called Special Treatment. Get used to it."

I swallowed whatever nerves I had lodged in the back of my throat, approaching Hinata with a wide pace until our chests were barely touching. I could see his neck quivering as he forced himself to look directly up at me. Our eyes met and I felt my stomach twist into knots.

"I like you, Hinata. More than a friend. More than a volleyball partner. You said you wanted to give us, together, a chance. So sorry, but things are going to change, and I am going to treat you differently, but don't ever think it's not because I want to." His expression softened, his demeanour relaxing. I daresay he even inched closer towards me. "I wanted to give you your space last night, so I took the couch and let you sleep in the bed. I didn't want you to wake up with your arms around me, like you always do, and feel obliged to stay there. I don't want us to dive into anything. I don't want to push you. I've been waiting a long time for this chance, so forgive me for not wanting to fuck it up royally. I'm not going anywhere though."

Hinata's lips were trembling; whether he was trying not to cry or trying not to smile, I couldn't tell.

"Then you need to know that neither am I. I've thought about it over and over again. I like the idea of us. I like the idea of being with someone who makes me comfortable. Who makes me laugh, who isn't afraid to show me their dark side. I want to be with someone I don't like all the time, because it'll make the moments I do like them that much more special. I want to be with someone who tosses to me. I want to be with you."

If there were tears in my eyes and a huge lump in my throat and butterflies sending my stomach into a frenzy, there was no way in hell I would admit that to him.

"Fine!" I finished. He glared at me. In one quick motion, he bent down and slammed his head into my stomach, effectively stealing my ability to breath and stand. I crouched to the floor, clutching my waist and coughing.

"Good!" He said, walking around me and into the bedroom. I was too busy trying to breathe again to bother wondering where he was going, before I heard the water in the pipes start to flow as the shower was turned on.

"Fuck no!" I was up in a matter of seconds, racing into the bathroom to shove him out of it before he could get completely naked and steal my shower. "I get to shower first! I was the one in a three hour exam yesterday!"

"That's your own fault for not showering last night! I'm gross! Let me go first!"

"No!" I slammed the door in his face. Fists banging on the wood made me lock the door as a precaution.

"What happened to 'special treatment'!?" he screeched at me.

"There's a line!" I screeched back.

I was smiling like a fool as I filled the tub and began to soak all my worries away, thankful I had left my iPod in here earlier so I could drown out the sound of Hinata bouncing one of my volleyballs against the door, probably dinting the wood and ruining the paint. I couldn't help the feeling coursing through my veins, making my fingers twitch and my mouth hurt as I continued to grin like I had just been told we'd be going to nationals once again. My heart was light in my chest, making it hard to breath in a glorious way. My head felt light, and not because of the steam rising up from the hot water.

"Bakagama!" I heard a sweet voice hiss maliciously.

It only made me smile harder.

End
file.